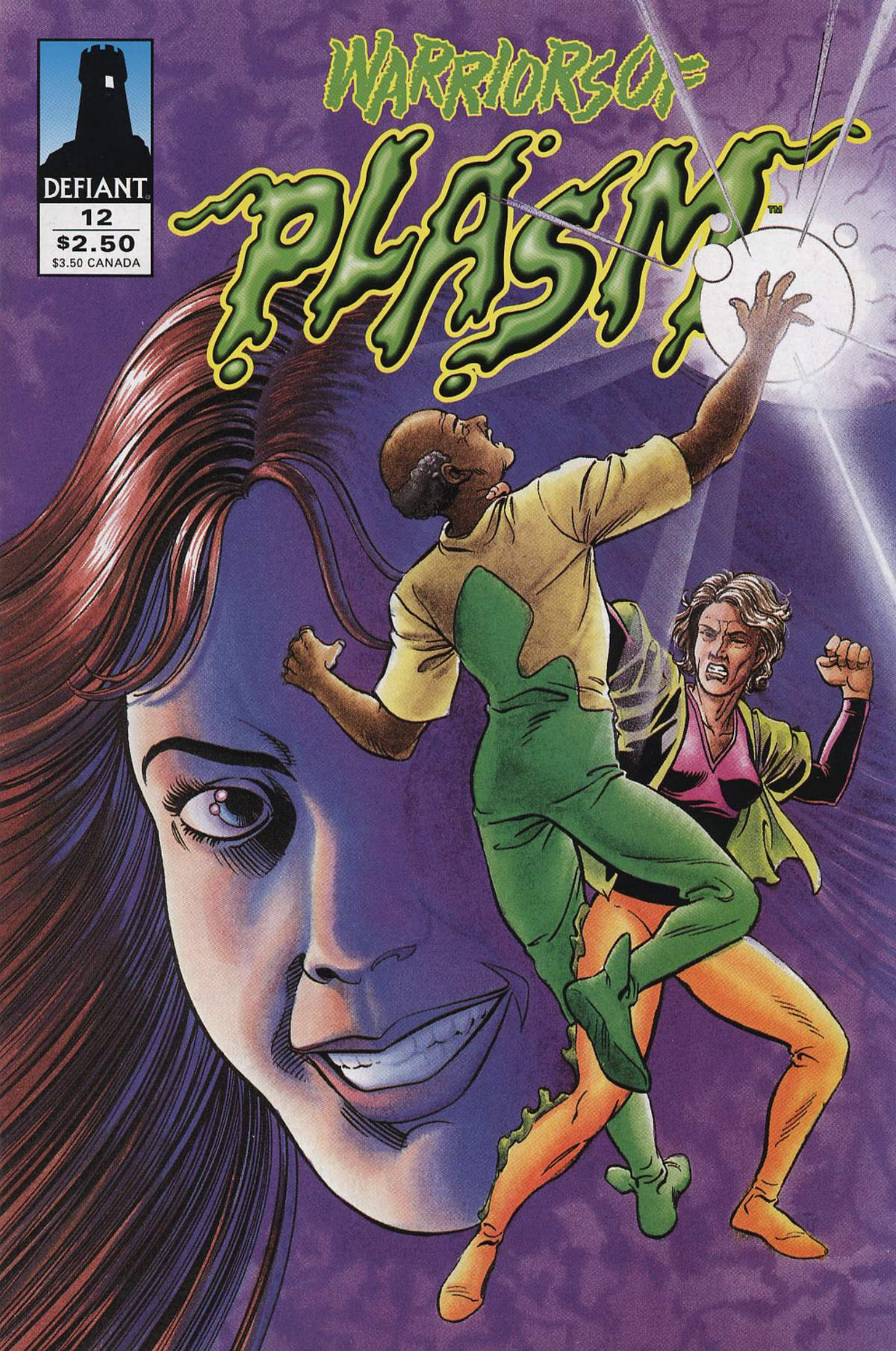
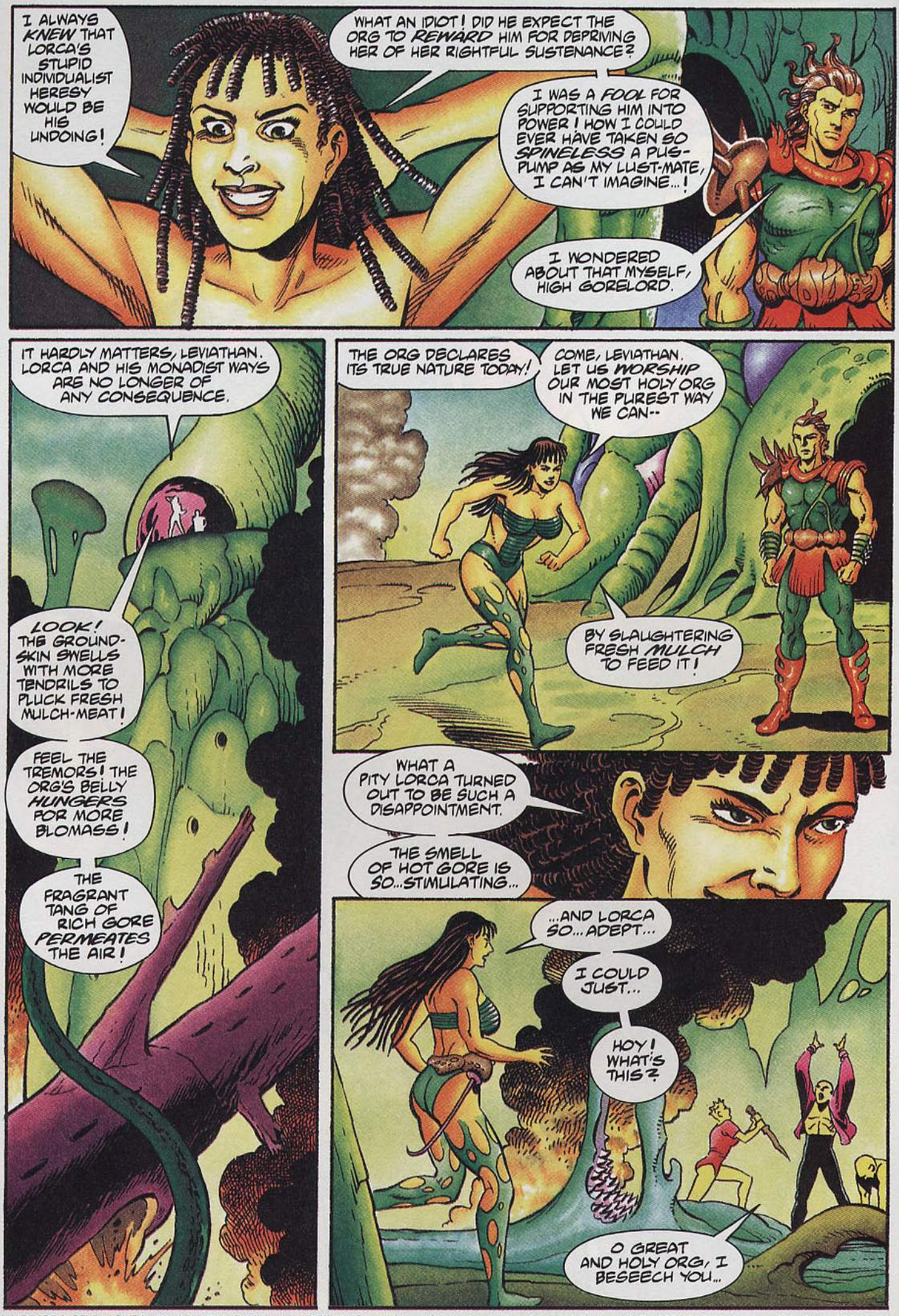
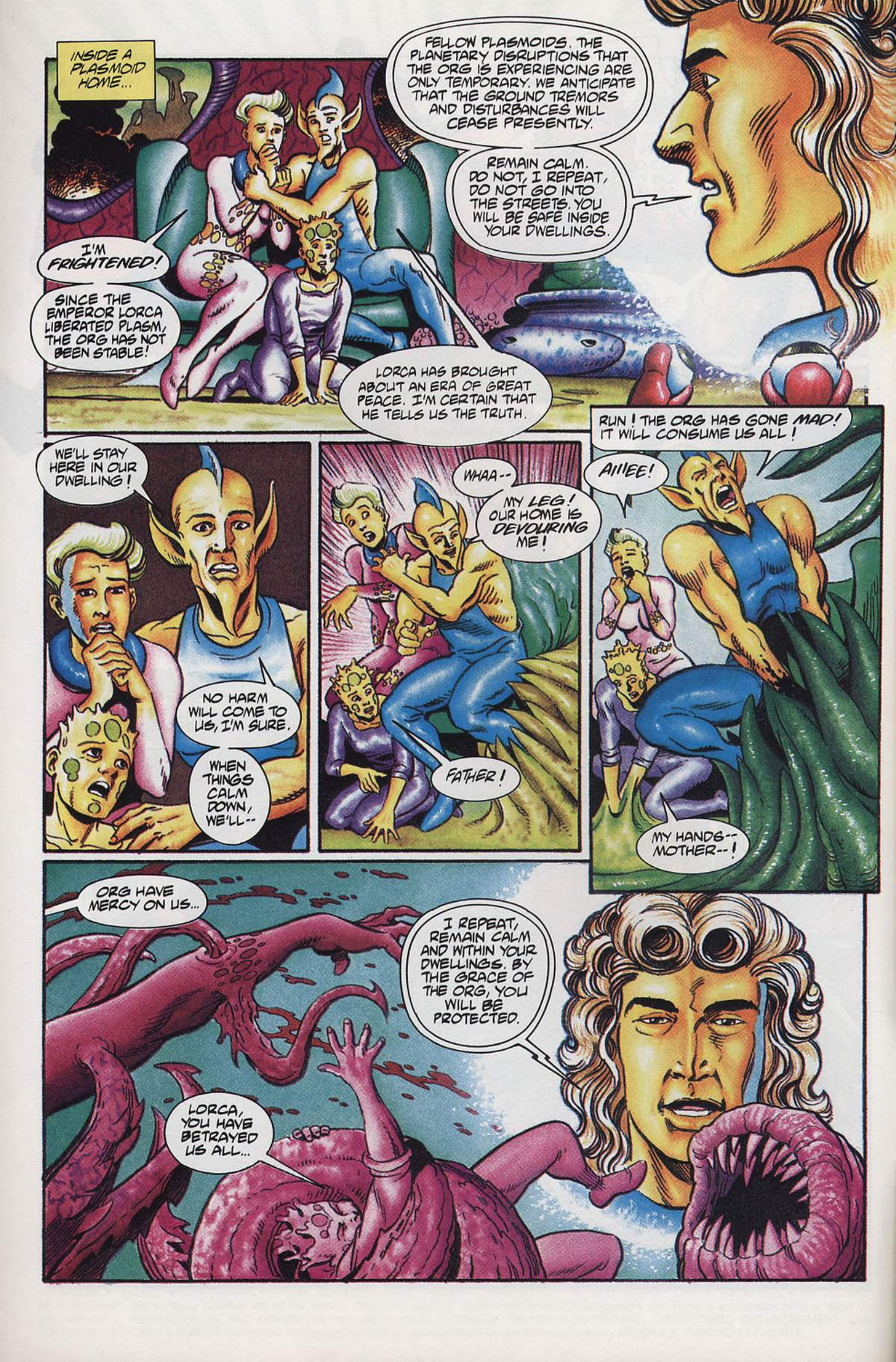

DEFIANT
12
$2.50
$3.50 CANADA
WARRIORS OF
PLASM
TM

BEYOND THE IMAGINARY LIMITS OF REALITY...
...A LIVING WORLD CALLED THE ORG OF PLASM...
...IS SCREAMING.
BEHOLD THE WRATH AND BEAUTY OF THE ORG, LEVIATHAN!
THE TRUE ESSENCE OF OUR WORLD'S VERY BEING SURROUNDS US!
AT LONG LAST, OUR BELOVED ORG REASSERTS HER WILL!
STORY BY JIM SHOOTER AND JANET JACKSON
WRITTEN BY PAULINE WEISS
DRAWN BY TIM ELDRED
COLORED BY OCLAIR
LETTERED BY CLEM ROBINS
EDITED BY PAULINE WEISS AND JIM SHOOTER
the hunger inside



WARRIORS OF PLASM™ #12. July 1994. Published by DEFIANT®, a division of Enlightened Entertainment Partners, L.P., 232 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Jim Shooter, President; Winston Fowlkes, Publisher. Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 EEP, L.P. All rights reserved. Price $2.50 per copy in the U.S. and $3.50 in Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any person living or dead or any institution is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. The trademarks DEFIANT, ENLIGHTENED ENTERTAINMENT, and WARRIORS OF PLASM and all of the character names and likenesses featured herein are the exclusive property of EEP, L.P. PRINTED IN CANADA.

SPARE ME AND ACCEPT THIS HUMBLE SACRIFICE IN YOUR GLORIOUS NAME...
PRAISE AND MAGNIFY THE ORG, PLASMOID!
THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO SING THE PRAISES OF OUR MAGNIFICENT--
AAAAGGHHHH!
THE WILL OF THE ORG BE DONE!
ALL OF HER CHILDREN WILL EXPERIENCE THE ECSTASY OF ONENESS WITH HER!
WE SHALL ALL BE INCORPORATED!


INSIDE A PLASMOID HOME...
I'M FRIGHTENED!
SINCE THE EMPEROR LORCA LIBERATED PLASM, THE ORG HAS NOT BEEN STABLE!
LORCA HAS BROUGHT ABOUT AN ERA OF GREAT PEACE. I'M CERTAIN THAT HE TELLS US THE TRUTH.
FELLOW PLASMOIDS. THE PLANETARY DISRUPTIONS THAT THE ORG IS EXPERIENCING ARE ONLY TEMPORARY. WE ANTICIPATE THAT THE GROUND TREMORS AND DISTURBANCES WILL CEASE PRESENTLY.
REMAIN CALM. DO NOT, I REPEAT, DO NOT GO INTO THE STREETS. YOU WILL BE SAFE INSIDE YOUR DWELLINGS.
WE'LL STAY HERE IN OUR DWELLING!
NO HARM WILL COME TO US, I'M SURE.
WHEN THINGS CALM DOWN, WE'LL--
WHAA--
MY LEG! OUR HOME IS DEVOURING ME!
FATHER!
RUN! THE ORG HAS GONE MAD! IT WILL CONSUME US ALL!
AIIIEE!
MY HANDS-- MOTHER--!
ORG HAVE MERCY ON US...
LORCA, YOU HAVE BETRAYED US ALL...
I REPEAT, REMAIN CALM AND WITHIN YOUR DWELLINGS. BY THE GRACE OF THE ORG, YOU WILL BE PROTECTED.

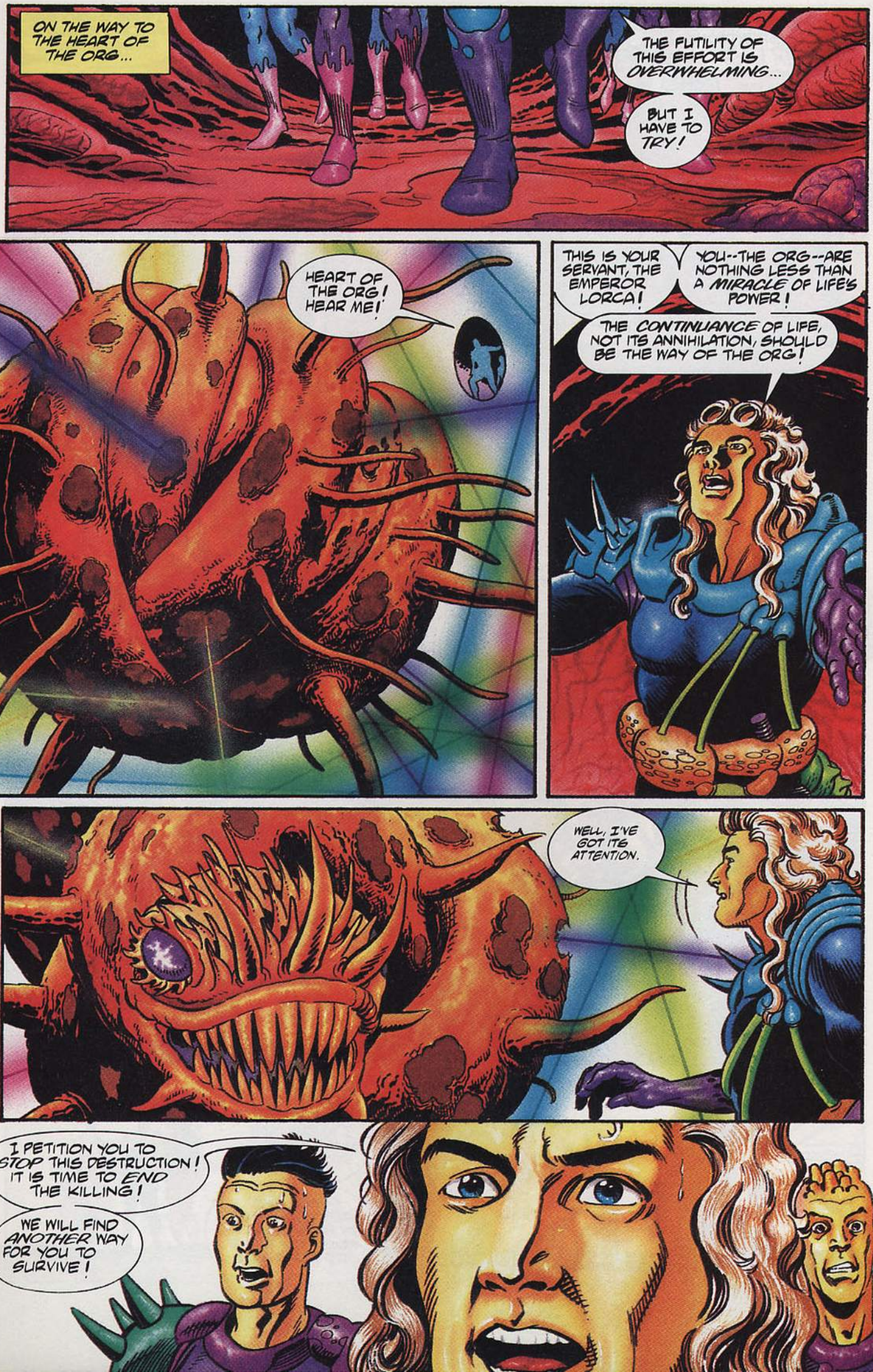
--UPFFH--
SUERACEEN! WOMAN, WE'LL BE SWALLOWED ALIVE!
DO YOU NOT FEAR THE HUNGER OF THE ORG?
I AM CONTENT TO BEAR THE WILL OF THE ORG. BESIDES, I AM THE ORG'S MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT.
THE ORG KNOWS MY DEVOTION AND WILL EVER FAVOR ME.
HIGH GORELORD SUERACEEN!
WHO CALLS--?
YOU ARE SUMMONED TO THE PALACE! THE ELITE FORCES MUST BE MOBILIZED TO CONTROL THE RIOTING POPULACE!
COME QUICKLY!
FIRST TELL ME, MY FAITHFUL CENTURION, TO WHOM ARE YOU LOYAL?
WHA--WHY, OF COURSE I SERVE LORCA, OUR SUPREME AND DIVINE EMP!
WELL, I SERVE OUR SUPREME AND DIVINE ORG!
NO DOG OF A TRAITOROUS EMP COMMANDS THE BLOODSPIKE OF SUERACEEN!

LIFE-SCOURGES!
HIGH GORELORD. WE OBSERVED YOU DISEMBOWEL A CENTURION OF YOUR OWN COMMAND.
SURRENDER TO US AT ONCE, OR FACE IMMEDIATE EXTINGUISHMENT!
YOU DARE--!
I'LL TAKE PLEASURE IN FEEDING YOU TO THE MULCHMAWS! COME AND GET ME!
HA!
DO YOU SEE, LEVIATHAN?
MY OUTSTANDING DEVOTION AND LOYALTY TO THE ORG PROTECTS AND SHIELDS ME FROM HARM!
I HAVE SERVED YOU WELL, HIGH GORELORD!
FOR THE LOVE OF THE ORG, HELP ME!
FOOL! ACCEPT THIS BLESSING FROM YOUR LOVING AND GENEROUS ORG!
SHE HONORS YOU BY INCORPORATING YOUR BIOMASS!

AH! THE COMMANDERS OF MY ELITE FORCES!
MORE MULCHFODDER TO SLAKE THE THIRST OF THE HOLY ORG!
DO YOUR WORST! I WILL NOT SURRENDER!
WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO FACE THEIR OWN GLORIOUS EXTINGUISHMENT?
NO, SUERACEEN, WAIT!
YOU ARE RIGHT! THE ORG IS REASSERTING ITS WILL!
LORCA'S WAY IS UNNATURAL, AND THE ORG CAN TOLERATE IT NO LONGER!
OUR LOYALTY IS TO THE ORG AND TO HER MOST FAITHFUL DISCIPLE --SUERACEEN!
I ACCEPT YOUR ALLEGIANCE, COMRADES, IN THE NAME OF OUR MOST HOLY ORG.
LET US PAY A VISIT TO OUR SUPREME AND DIVINE EMPEROR.
THE THOUGHT OF HIM GROVELING AT MY FEET TWEAKS ME TO THE CORE OF MY NODES!

IN THE ORG-WIDE COMMUNICATIONS CELL OF THE EMPEROR'S CENTRUM...
THERE. THAT IS ALL I CAN DO TO CALM THE CITIZENS. I WISH IT WERE AS SIMPLE TO CALM THE ORG.
I HAVE BEEN TEACHING MY PEOPLE THE VALUE OF THEIR UNIQUE, INDIVIDUAL LIVES. HOW CAN THEY BELIEVE ME...
...WHEN THE ORG ITSELF PROVES ME WRONG BY CONSUMING THEM WHOLESALE, LIKE SO MUCH FODDER?
PLENIPOTENTIARY GOSSAMER, I...I TRUST YOU CAN SEE NOW THAT THE ORG'S ATTACK ON YOUR SHIP WAS BEYOND MY CONTROL.
I...SENSE THAT YOU ARE SINCERE...BUT THAT DOES NOT UNDO THE SLAUGHTER OF THREE THOUSAND OF MY PEOPLE.
YES, BUT THE ORG OF PLASM IS A LIVING THING. YOU CAN'T HOLD THE PEOPLE HERE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THE ORG DID.
IT'S ALL MY FAULT. THE ORG WASN'T LIKE THIS UNTIL I REMOVED ITS SOUL.
YOU WERE DECEIVED BY CHASM, REVEREND GILBERT. HE WAS RESPONSIBLE...AND HE HAS BEEN MULCHED FOR HIS CRIME.
STILL, AS LONG AS THE ORG IS SOULLESS, IT WILL BE RULED ONLY BY ITS HUNGER.
IT'S... HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ITS SOUL IS IN A BOTTLE SOMEWHERE ON EARTH.
WE MUST RESTORE THE ORG'S SOUL, OR ALL IS LOST!
PREACH AND GLORY, ONCE MORE I BEG YOU: RETURN TO EARTH IMMEDIATELY! FIND THE SOUL OF THE ORG, AND BRING IT BACK TO US!
OF COURSE, LORCA, WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE.
FRANKLY, MARTIN, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO EARTH AND FEEL SOME SOLID GROUND UNDER MY FEET!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, GLORY. IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO BE AWAY FROM ALL THIS CRAZINESS, EVEN FOR A MOMENT.

WHAT HAPPENED? THE TRANSPORTRONS FAILED!
I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE THE PLANETARY DISRUPTIONS HAVE CAUSED SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISPLACEMENT--?
I HAVE A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, MARTIN...
WHAT IF WE CAN'T GET BACK HOME AGAIN?
WE COULD DIE ON THIS HORRIBLE PLANET!
I'LL NEVER SEE MY PAUL AGAIN...MY CHILDREN... MY GRAND-SONS...
THEY WON'T KNOW IF I'M DEAD OR ALIVE!
NO, GLORY! WE'LL FIND A WAY HOME!
PLEASE, LOUISE, DON'T CRY.
I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE FOR YOU.
MARTIN, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE.
LOOK, LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
I'LL GATHER LIGHT FROM SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE ORG...AND GET AN OVERVIEW OF WHAT IT'S DOING.
MY GOD! I'M NOT SURE IF SPACE IS MOVING AND THE ORG IS STAY-ING STILL, OR VICE VERSA...
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE ORG IS MOVING... FAST!
THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE TRANSPORTRON FAILURE.
THE ORG...IS HUNTING.
AND I BELIEVE... I KNOW WHAT IT'S AFTER.
GUARD THE LADY GOSSAMER, MY FRIENDS. I MUST MAKE THE ORG HEAR ME!

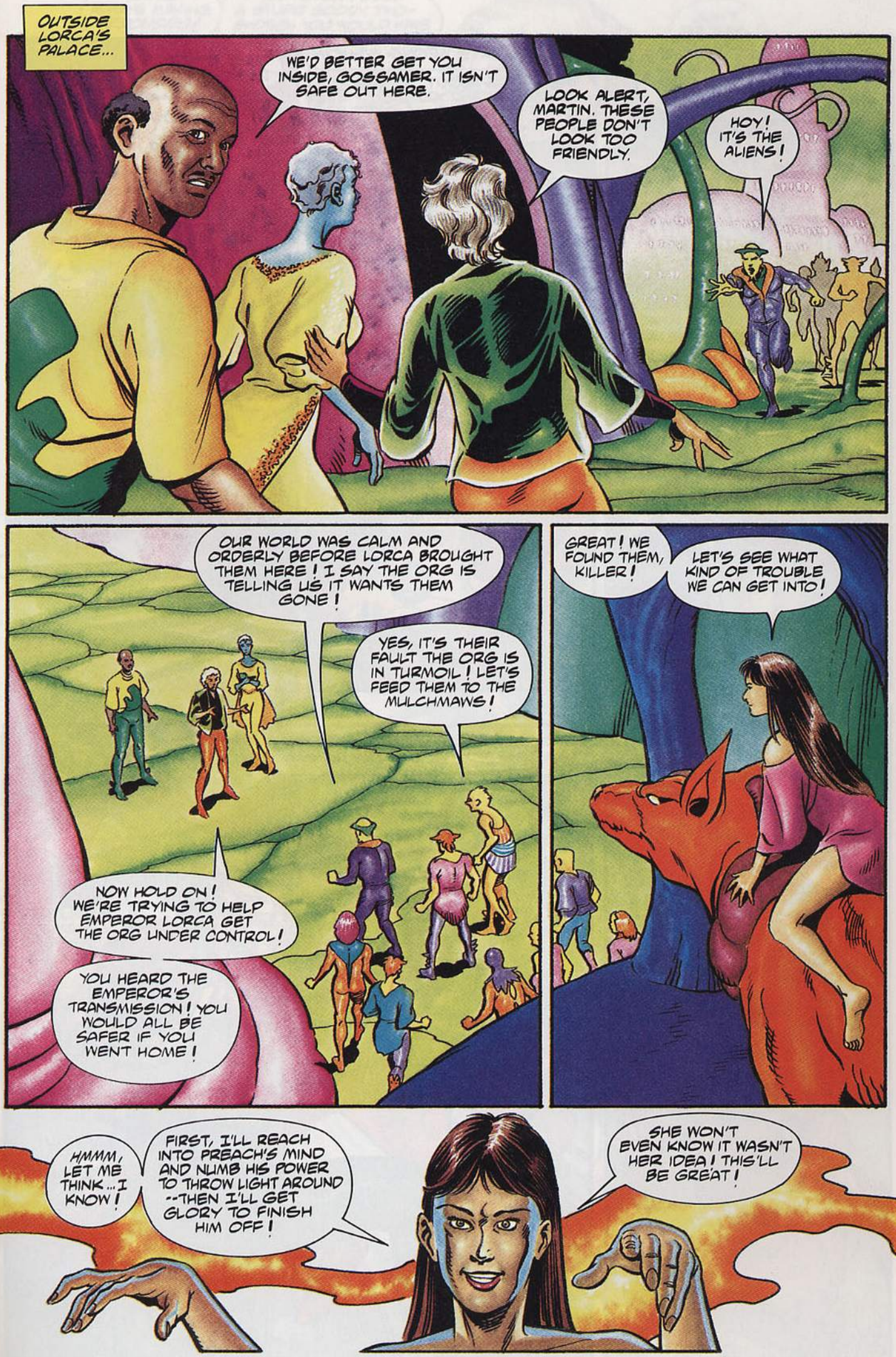

ON THE WAY TO THE HEART OF THE ORG...
THE FUTILITY OF THIS EFFORT IS OVERWHELMING...
BUT I HAVE TO TRY!
HEART OF THE ORG! HEAR ME!
THIS IS YOUR SERVANT, THE EMPEROR LORCA!
YOU--THE ORG--ARE NOTHING LESS THAN A MIRACLE OF LIFE'S POWER!
THE CONTINUANCE OF LIFE, NOT ITS ANNIHILATION, SHOULD BE THE WAY OF THE ORG!
WELL, I'VE GOT ITS ATTENTION.
I PETITION YOU TO STOP THIS DESTRUCTION! IT IS TIME TO END THE KILLING!
WE WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY FOR YOU TO SURVIVE!

BROWWWLLLL
RUN!
IT IS WORSE THAN I FEARED. THE ORG IS BEYOND REASON!
THE BEST WE CAN DO IS RETREAT, AND FIND A WAY TO TRANSPORT PREACH AND GLORY TO EARTH!
FINDING THE SOUL IS OUR ONLY HOPE--
WRONG.
YOU HAVE NO HOPE.
HORTCH!
I SAW THAT PATHETIC DISPLAY IN THERE.
THE ORG WON'T LISTEN TO YOU! YOU AREN'T REALLY THE EMPEROR, AFTER ALL. I AM!
THEN JOIN US! HELP ME!
THE ORG IS CONSUMING ITSELF! WE ARE ALL DOOMED, UNLESS--
WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE DOOMED! NOT ME!
SHALL WE PURSUE HIM, MY LORD?
NO. IF HE STILL HAD RAPPORT WITH THE ORG, HE WOULD HAVE SEIZED CONTROL BY NOW.
IMAGINE, THE FORMER EMPEROR OF PLASM, REDUCED TO A RAT RUNNING AROUND IN THE BOWELS OF THE PLANET.
LET HIM GO. HIS FATE WILL FIND HIM.

INSIDE LORCA'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS...
ANOTHER FAILURE.
IF ONLY NUDGE WERE HERE.
CHASM SAID HE TRANSPORTED THE SOUL OF THE ORG TO HER...
...AND THOUGH THAT IS SURELY A LIE...
...STILL, IF SHE WERE HERE SHE COULD COMMUNICATE WITH THE ORG TELEPATHICALLY ...CONVINCE IT... OR COMMAND IT!
BUT SHE IS ON EARTH AND...
WAIT...
THE REAL NUDGE IS ON EARTH, BUT...
ZOM MOTHER!
YOUR DATA-MEMS SHOULD CONTAIN DNA FROM THE OTHERWORLDER KNOWN AS NUDGE.
GIVE HER FORM IN FLESH!
CLONES ARE ILLEGAL, MY LORD, AS I HAVE ALWAYS REMINDED YOU.
I AM BUT AN EXTENSION OF OUR PLANETARY CONSCIOUSNESS, WHICH INFORMS ME THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER THE RULER OF THE ORG OF PLASM.
IF INDEED YOU EVER WERE.
THE ORG DERIDES AND RIDICULES YOU.
YOU ARE OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I NEED NOT OBEY YOU.

ZOM MOTHER, SURELY YOU KNOW THAT THE GENTLE SPIRIT WHICH IS THE SOUL OF THE ORG HAS BEEN STOLEN.
NOW, ONLY THE ALIEN, NUDGE, IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE ORG, BUT SHE IS NOT HERE.
A CLONE OF NUDGE COULD POSSIBLY MOLLIFY THE ORG UNTIL WE CAN LOCATE AND RESTORE ITS SOUL!
THERE IS LITTLE TIME LEFT BEFORE THE ORG COMPLETELY CONSUMES...ITSELF.
PLEASE, ZOM MOTHER! I BEG YOU...
VERY WELL. HERE IS THE OTHERWORLD GENETIC INFORMATION, FORMED INTO PLASMIC FLESH.
I HAVE TAUGHT HER ABOUT HERSELF, AND ABOUT OUR WORLD...ALL SHE NEEDS TO KNOW.
MY THANKS, ZOM MOTHER!
ALL THANKS AND PRAISE ARE DUE THE ORG, MY LORD.
NUDGE! YOU MUST COME QUICKLY!
YOU HAVE COMMUNED WITH THE ORG BEFORE! YOU MUST DO SO AGAIN!
HOW ABOUT IF I FIRE UP ALL THE PAIN CENTERS IN YOUR BRAIN AT ONCE INSTEAD?
ZOM MOTHER TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU!
AHHHGH!
SHE DOESN'T THINK TOO MUCH OF YOU, YOU KNOW.
YOU GUARDS! WHY DON'T YOU FEED THIS HAS-BEEN TO THE ORG?

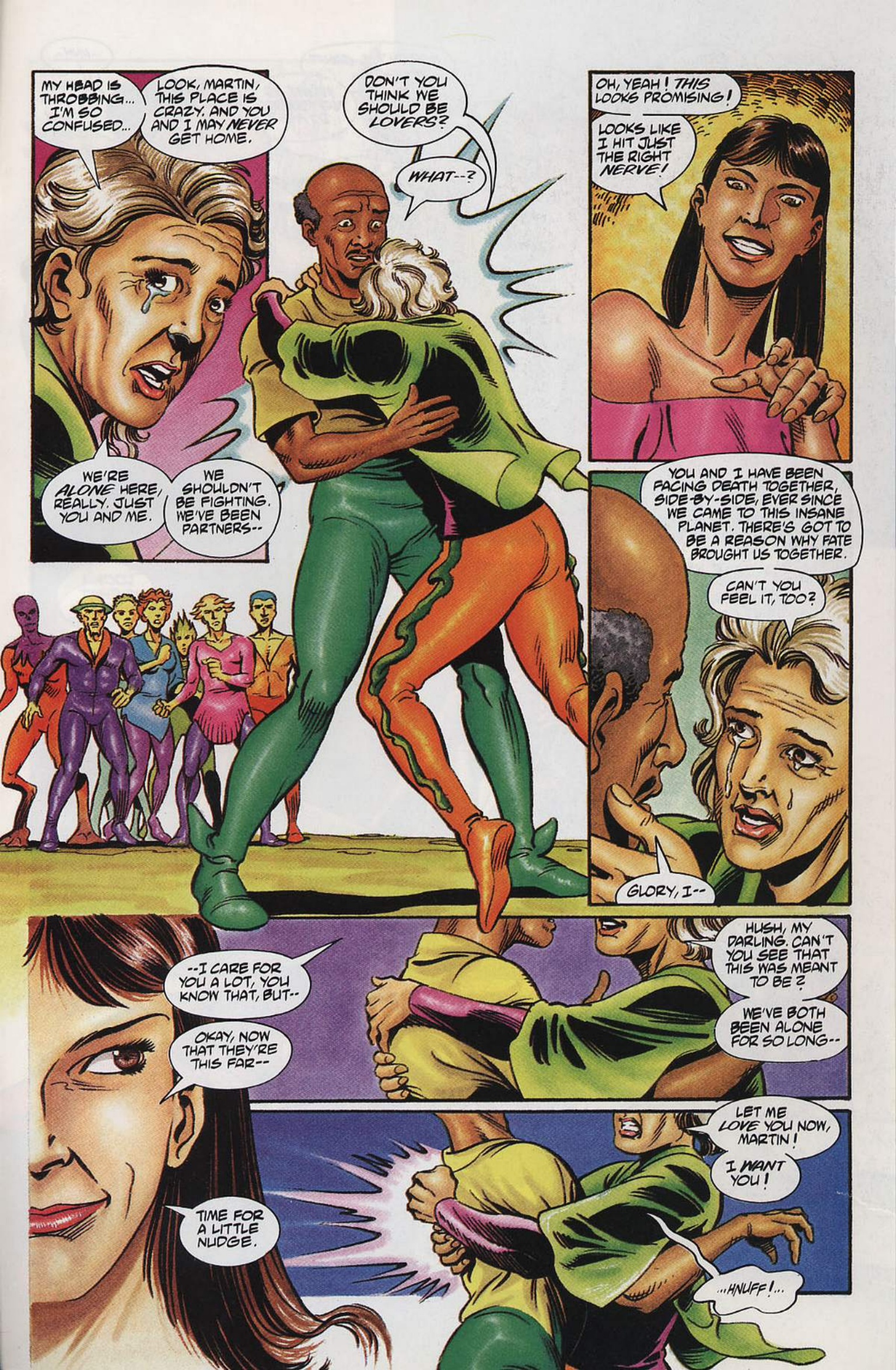
HMM, GOOD, HE'S OUT OF THE WAY.
WHY, HELLO, KILLER! OH, WHAT A NICE DOGGY-WOGGY!
I NEED YOUR HELP, SWEETIE!
SOMEBODY TRICKED THE ONE THEY CALL PREACH INTO REMOVING THE ORG'S SOUL.
WITHOUT IT, THE ORG'S DARK, NASTY ANIMUS IS IN CHARGE ...AND IT'S GLAD TO BE RID OF THAT NAMBY-PAMBY SOUL.
IF PREACH COULD TAKE THE SOUL AWAY, HE PROBABLY COULD PUT IT BACK! IF THEY FIND IT.
SO I GET RID OF PREACH-- PROBLEM SOLVED ...FOREVER!
THAT'S WHY THE ORG LET ZOM-MOTHER MAKE ME, KILLER. THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. OKAY?
WHAT DO YOU SAY, YOU SWEET KILLER-WILLER?
LET'S GO FIND THAT PREACH!
WE'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PRAY ABOUT!


OUTSIDE LORCA'S PALACE...
WE'D BETTER GET YOU INSIDE, GOSSAMER. IT ISN'T SAFE OUT HERE.
LOOK ALERT, MARTIN. THESE PEOPLE DON'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY.
HOY! IT'S THE ALIENS!
OUR WORLD WAS CALM AND ORDERLY BEFORE LORCA BROUGHT THEM HERE! I SAY THE ORG IS TELLING US IT WANTS THEM GONE!
YES, IT'S THEIR FAULT THE ORG IS IN TURMOIL! LET'S FEED THEM TO THE MULCHMAWS!
NOW HOLD ON! WE'RE TRYING TO HELP EMPEROR LORCA GET THE ORG UNDER CONTROL!
YOU HEARD THE EMPEROR'S TRANSMISSION! YOU WOULD ALL BE SAFER IF YOU WENT HOME!
GREAT! WE FOUND THEM, KILLER!
LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE WE CAN GET INTO!
HMMM, LET ME THINK... I KNOW!
FIRST, I'LL REACH INTO PREACH'S MIND AND NUMB HIS POWER TO THROW LIGHT AROUND --THEN I'LL GET GLORY TO FINISH HIM OFF!
SHE WON'T EVEN KNOW IT WASN'T HER IDEA! THIS'LL BE GREAT!

PLASMOIDS, LISTEN TO ME! LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT IS HAPPENING WITH THE ORG, SO YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!
WHAT? THE LIGHT WON'T COME TO ME--?
MARTIN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
THIS MOB IS ABOUT TO KILL US, AND YOU CAN'T EVEN STOP THEM!
THERE'S ENOUGH LIGHT IN HERE-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING?
YOU KNOW, THIS REALLY IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
IF YOU HADN'T HELPED THAT HORRIBLE CHASM STEAL THE SOUL OF THE ORG, WE WOULDN'T EVEN BE IN THIS PREDICAMENT!
BUT, I... I DIDN'T KNOW...
I COULD JUST KILL YOU FOR THIS MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN US IN!
UNHHHH!

YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING EXCUSES!
IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A STUPID GOODY TWO-SHOES, YOU WOULD HAVE STOOD UP TO CHASM! BUT NO--!
YOU WERE HELPLESS UNTIL I SHOWED UP!
DON'T DO THIS, PLEASE--
OH, GOD, GLORY, I'M S-SORRY!
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!
AAAGGH!
STOP THIS! CAN'T YOU SEE--
HURT ME?
NOT A CHANCE!
MAYBE SHOOTER COULD BEAT ME. EVEN POOR, FAT, ARMLESS RICKY MIGHT GET A FEW LICKS IN. BUT YOU--?
NO WAY.
MAYBE IF YOU WERE MORE OF A MAN YOU WOULD BECOME MORE POWERFUL.
UHNNNNH--
GET BACK UP HERE--
GLORY, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME...

GIVE ME ONE REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T! I OUGHT TO BASH YOUR HEAD IN!
LOUISE --NO!
OH, MY LORD... WHAT AM I DOING?
A LITTLE HANKY-PANKY.
MARTIN, I'M...I'M SORRY! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME!
CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?
HMM. WELL, THAT DIDN'T WORK TOO WELL, DID IT, FELLA? PREACH *OVERCAME* THE BRAIN-NUMBING A LITTLE. HE'S *STRONG-WILLED*...
...AND GLORY'S GOT A *VERY* STRONG MIND. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
LET'S SEE, WHAT NEXT? I'LL TAKE A PEEK INTO THEIR MINDS...
OH, BOY! I'VE GOT IT! LET'S TRY...
YOU PACK QUITE A WALLOP, GLORY!
LET ME HELP YOU UP. WE'LL GO FIND A CUP OF COFFEE AND YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT JUST HAPPENED THERE.
WE SHOULD LEAVE THIS AREA AT ONCE.


MY HEAD IS THROBBING... I'M SO CONFUSED...
LOOK, MARTIN, THIS PLACE IS CRAZY, AND YOU AND I MAY NEVER GET HOME.
WE'RE ALONE HERE, REALLY. JUST YOU AND ME.
WE SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTING. WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS--
DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE LOVERS?
WHAT--?
OH, YEAH! THIS LOOKS PROMISING!
LOOKS LIKE I HIT JUST THE RIGHT NERVE!
YOU AND I HAVE BEEN FACING DEATH TOGETHER, SIDE-BY-SIDE, EVER SINCE WE CAME TO THIS INSANE PLANET. THERE'S GOT TO BE A REASON WHY FATE BROUGHT US TOGETHER.
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT, TOO?
GLORY, I--
--I CARE FOR YOU A LOT, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT--
OKAY, NOW THAT THEY'RE THIS FAR--
TIME FOR A LITTLE NUDGE.
HUSH, MY DARLING. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THIS WAS MEANT TO BE?
WE'VE BOTH BEEN ALONE FOR SO LONG--
LET ME LOVE YOU NOW, MARTIN!
I WANT YOU!
...HNUFF!...

STOP!
YOU'LL CRUSH HIM TO DEATH!
NO!
MARTIN? I CAN'T ...MY GOD...
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?
...UNH...
I AM AN EMPATH, LADY GLORY. I SENSE THAT YOUR TRUE EMOTION FOR LORD PREACH IS BEING... TWISTED.
SOMEONE IS COMMANDING YOUR MINDS!
MARTIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
UHH... LET ME CATCH MY BREATH...
GOSSAMER, THAT'S ABOUT AS GOOD AN EXPLANATION AS ANY I CAN COME UP WITH.
MARTIN, ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND?
I CAN TRY!
LOOK! IS THAT NUDGE?
IT SURE IS! HOW DID SHE GET HERE?
DRAT. THE JIG'S UP. GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO USE A MORE DIRECT APPROACH.
IT'S YOUR TURN FOR A LITTLE FUN NOW, BOY. SIC 'EM!
AND YOU PEOPLE OVER THERE--YOU MULCH WHAT KILLER DOESN'T GET TO!

I'LL TAKE HIM!
NO, GLORY. LET ME. I CAN FEEL THE LIGHT COMING BACK TO ME--
AH!
UH-OH. HERE COME THE REINFORCEMENTS. THAT'S GOT TO BE NUDGE IN CONTROL OF THEM, ALL RIGHT!
YOU HOLD THEM OFF, MARTIN--

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH NUDGE!
COOKIE WAZENEGGER!
THAT WAS YOU MAKING ME HURT REVEREND GILBERT, WASN'T IT?
HI, GLORY! I WAS JUST PLAYING A LITTLE GAME WITH YOU GUYS. BESIDES--
--DIDN'T YOU TWO HAVE FUN SUCKING FACE?
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
OH, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
YOU'RE PRETTY HOT-TO-TROT, FOR A GRANNY.
WANNA SEE SOMETHING REALLY NEAT?
WATCH WHAT I DO TO YOUR BOY-FRIEND DOWN THERE!
I THINK I'LL MAKE HIS HEAD EXPLODE! SPLATTER HIM INTO A MILLION PIECES!
COOKIE! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? YOU'RE HURTING HIM!
YEAH! THAT'S THE IDEA!
YOU STOP THAT THIS INSTANT, YOUNG LADY!
I MEAN IT!
RIGHT NOW!
STOP!!
COOKIE? OH NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HER SO HARD!
I--I THINK I'VE KILLED HER!

YAAAAGH!!
THE ORG BLESS US ALL! THIS IS THE END!
UHHHH-- MY HEAD!
LORCA! WHAT WAS THAT TREMOR? WERE YOU ABLE TO GET THROUGH TO THE ORG?
NO, I FAILED TWICE, AND AM WORSE FOR THE WEAR.
LORCA... MARTIN. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT NUDGE IS DEAD!
SHE WAS HURTING YOU MARTIN! I HAD TO STOP HER, BUT I GUESS I HIT HER TOO HARD!
NOW THERE'S NO HOPE TO STOP THE ORG!
DO NOT BE CONCERNED, LOUISE JOHNSON. THAT IS MERELY A CLONE I FOOLISHLY CREATED IN ANOTHER FUTILE ATTEMPT TO CONTROL THE ORG.
GILBERT, SHOW US WHAT CAUSED THAT LAST TREMOR!
IT'S...THE ORG IS EATING A WHOLE WORLD! HOW HORRIBLE!
TH-THAT'S--
THAT'S NAPOR! THAT IS MY HOME!
GOSSAMER, I AM TRULY SORRY. PLEASE BELIEVE THAT I TRIED, WITH ALL MY MIGHT, TO PREVENT THIS EVENTUALITY.
I LEARNED OF NAPOR WHEN I WAS SUPREME ACQUISITOR, AND I NEVER CONQUERED IT.
BY THEN, LOVE HAD SHOWN ME THAT ALL LIFE WAS PRECIOUS.
NAPOR WAS THE LAST PLANET IN THIS DIMENSION THAT THE ORG COULD DEVOUR. FROM HERE, THE NEXT WORLD THE ORG COULD SMELL...

...IS YOUR HOME, MY FRIENDS. THE EARTH.
OUTSIDE...
LOOK AT THAT SLURRY!
IT'S THE REMAINS OF THE CRIMINAL CHASM! EMPEROR LORCA HAD HIM MULCHED AND SPILLED FOR HIS CRIME!
WITH THE ORG SO HUNGRY, YOU'D THINK THE GROUNDSKIN WOULD GULP IT RIGHT DOWN! HOW ODD!
LOOK! THE SLURRY IS BUBBLING!
IT'S TAKING SHAPE!
ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!
NEXT ISSUE: LORCA VS. SUERACEEN!